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SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF
Netterville:
A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next time Lewisham called in Cavendish Square he experienced another disappointment; for he was informed the indisposition of Lady Newark had prevented the return of the family, and that it was now quite uncertain when they would be in town. The letter so recently received from Miss Nugent prevented this intelligence from giving him any serious uneasiness; and he returned again to his lodgings, to meditate, at leisure, on *that* image, which so fortunately presented itself to his view, and so providentially saved him from the seduction of Miss Le Par, who he could now scarcely bear to think of. He at length decided, that it could be nothing but the power of imagination that led him to believe a stranger, who accidentally stood in the opposite window, was Miss Walsingham—for Clara, he doubted not still remained at K—; and even supposing she were removed from hence, what a strange concatenation of untoward events must have occurred, to bring her to his view, at the only time in his life, when her presence could have been productive of pain. Yet the evidence of facts could not be controverted by all the sophistry he was master of; and his eyes were often turned involuntarily towards the street, as if recurring to his former opinion, and in expectation of again beholding the fair vision. The fact again occurred—for

he again saw her looking out of a post-chaise opposite the window, giving some orders to a footman; she was habited in deep mourning, and appeared much paler and thinner than when he had last beheld her; there was also, he imagined, an air of dejection diffused over her countenance, and it immediately struck him that the good Mrs. Walsingham was no more.—“Alas!” cried he, “what a trial have you had to encounter, dear and amiable Clara; why was I not with you at that moment to speak words of consolation; why was not I permitted to evince my true, my unalterable regard for you?”—a loud rap at the door interrupted his soliloquy, and Captain Latimer presented himself before him: “I am come,” cried he, gaily, to inform you, that Miss Le Par has chosen herself another Cicis-beo, and that you are now at liberty to return my visits, and further, to let you know, that my reformation is in a fair way of coming to a prosperous issue—for I am in the high road towards matrimony”—“Then I am to infer, that the high road to matrimony is the road to reformation,” said Lewisham, smiling.—“O, assuredly,” answered his friend: “Come, look at this delightful letter I have received from my uncle,” “I never heard till now that you had an uncle,” said Lewisham.—“O, as to that,” said Latimer, “I have both uncle and aunt, and a cousin, and—but come, read my letter—you will presently see the reason of my being favoured with it.—I assure you, my ‘Belle Ange’ is a most delightful little creature, as ever you saw.”—Lewisham opened the letter, and read as follows—

“ MY DEAR GEORGE,

“ I AM honoured, as well as flattered, by your communications, with regard to

your sentiments and opinions of my ward, whom I have never yet seen: if I am to believe the general report of the world, it is all in her favour, and you confirm me in this pleasing idea; yet I must allow for the partial warmth of a lover; I could not wish you to form an alliance with a more amiable character than was the mother of your fair one; and, with such a bright pattern to form her youth, can she fail to ornament any family she may hereafter chuse to enter? Her fortune, also, is well worthy of your consideration; at the death of old Nutcombe it will be still more so—yet, Latimer, if you should be a successful candidate for her favour, I expect every delicate attention on your part, and the intire dissolution of every degrading connection—I will not have her peace of mind trifled with—my daughter she is by adoption, and I will watch over her happiness with more than parental tenderness; I am indebted for all mine to her family, and will, to this sole surviving branch of it, faithfully discharge the debt.—That you may be worthy of, and obtain her, is the sincere wish of

“ Your affectionate uncle,

“ NEWARK.”

“ Then Lord Newark is your uncle?” said Lewisham, putting down the letter, without making any other comment.—“ Yes, replied Latimer,” his lordship is certainly my uncle—is there any thing so extraordinary in that? Are you acquainted with him?”—“ Not personally,” said Lewisham; “ but his character has been represented to me by the partiality of friendship, in very glowing colours, and I am now whiling away the time until his lordship’s arrival shall point out to me what line of life he thinks it adviseable for me to adopt.”—“ I can only tell you, then,” said Latimer, “ that

I think you a happy fellow; for if your fortune depends on his lordship's patronage, it is made at once—for you are exactly the character to suit him—so grave, so sentimental, and so demure, and your person so prepossessing—Devil take it, if I do not think you are extremely like him—So you will allow," continued he, "that his lordship must be remarkably handsome."—Lewisham made a low bow, and desired he would proceed to describe his lordship's family. "Lady Newark is a good, and amiable woman, a little the worse for age," continued he, "and sometimes much addicted to the penseroso; and the son is a fine youth, who is generally well spoken of—the last of all, "but not the least in our dear loves" comes the ward; she is, I am told, soon to reside in the family, but I shall describe her by negatives; she is neither too fair, nor too dark, too young, nor too old, too short, nor too tall, too fat, nor too lean, neither too rich, nor too poor—but she is a bright constellation of charms and graces, and a blessing which I modestly hope is intended by fate and fortune for the arms of your humble servant: So I bar all love-making in that quarter—for, by Jove, I could not bear a rival!"—Lewisham smiled, and Latimer went on, placing his hand on his breast, in a theatrical manner—

"No, the power of love
In earth, in air, in heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod
By daily miracles, proclaim a God.
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind,
And moulds, and stamps anew the lover's mind!"

"Yes," said Lewisham, "but you know that Butler observes—

"Quoth he, to bid me not to love
Is to forbid my pulse to move,
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a fit, to kickup."

"but I am really ashamed of the lowness of my comparison on such a sublime occasion—so will say no more.—Where do you spend the day?"—"O I had quite forgot," said Latimer, "I came to request you would dine with me, and a few choice spirits, at the —." Lewisham giving his assent, Captain Latimer left him, and he sat down at the window, in hopes of again seeing Clara, ere the hour of his engagement arrived—he waited a long time in vain, and was at last obliged to hasten to the appointed rendezvous, evidently depressed at his ill success.—Latimer rallied him on his low spirits, which Lewisham attempted to exhilarate with several glasses of wine during the time of dinner; and as soon as the cloth

was removed, the whole party appeared to vie with one another, in their potent libations at the shrine of Bacchus. It was late ere they arose from table, when most of those who were yet able to walk, being now intirely bereft of the little prudence they usually possessed, sallied off to conclude the night at the gaming-table; while Captain Latimer, and a few others, remained at the — for the night, being reduced to a state of imbecility,—Lewisham, emboldened by the quantity of wine he had drank, and still remembering the vision of the morning, determined to go to the house, in the window of which he had seen Miss Walsingham, when he hoped he should have an opportunity of speaking to her; on his knocking at the door, a servant answered rather rudely, that no one could be admitted at that time of night.—"Be so good as to give my compliments to Miss Walsingham," said Lewisham, "and request her to see me, if only for five minutes, I have matters of the highest importance to communicate to her."—"So it should seem, friend," said the man, "by the hurry, and the time of night, thou takest to reveal them: and who am I to say thou art?"—"My name is Netterville," said Lewisham—the man having delivered the message, returned with Miss Walsingham's compliments, and being retired to her own apartment, she could admit no visitor that night.—"By Heavens!" cried Lewisham, "I must and will see her!"—"I think thou art drunk, or mad, friend," said the servant, "so I wish thee a good night"—and he quietly shut the door in the face of our hero, leaving him to meditate at leisure in the street; where having spent sometime in all the agonies of unsuccessful passion, he quietly walked to his own lodgings, and flinging himself on the bed, soon sunk into a profound slumber.

The morning brought with it many sorrowful reflections, and a violent headache. He had just recollection enough of the past night's adventure, to know that he had been guilty of an insult to Miss Walsingham, the only person in the whole world who he most wished to interest in his favour; how to counteract the effects of his own imprudence it was out of his power to determine; yet he waited at home, in hopes chance might present her to his view when he resolved to make an apology in person. "Yet," cried he, "will she not think me abandoned to licentiousness and vice; is not this the second time the divine Clara has

been a witness of the impropriety of my conduct?" Hour after hour stole away, until at length his impatience became too great for controul, and he dispatched a porter with a short note, begging the favour of an interview, that he might in person offer some excuse for the impropriety of his conduct the past night. In a short time the porter returned, and brought only his own note inclosed in a blank cover; it was unopened. Lewisham was not a little mortified, yet he acknowledged the propriety with which she acted; he acknowledged, also, that had she done otherwise, he should not have felt his present veneration for her, and necessity obliged him to wait until chance should favour him, by accidentally throwing her in his way. Captain Latimer called soon after, and the countenance of Lewisham, which was a faithful index of his heart, revealed to that gentleman his inquietude. "Why, how now, my friend," cried he, "what is all this for? why, you look as if you were just come from a funeral;—what's the matter now?" "Why; to tell you the truth," replied Lewisham, "I am really ashamed of my last night's folly, and am determined never again to offend against the strict rules of temperance." "What, what, in the name of fortune have you done?" asked Latimer, "picked up some Diana, I suppose, and introduced her to your lodgings, and so offended the delicacy of my Lady Paramount—Well, have I guess'd it?"—"No, indeed,"—replied Lewisham,—"but I will tell you: I was fool enough to demand admittance at the house of a lady of character, at a late hour in the night, and I fancy I exposed myself not a little; for, I recollect that her servant told me I was drunk." "O, never mind that, it was a trifle, a harmless frolic," rejoined Latimer, "so dress yourself, as fast as possible, and come with me; my uncle returned last night, and I am resolved to be the first who shall present you to him." Lewisham complied with alacrity, and the gentlemen were soon set down in Cavendish-square. Lord Newark received his nephew with undisguised satisfaction, and Lewisham with politeness; his manners were perfectly unreserved and familiar; his person a model for the painter's imitation, as the dignified character of a nobleman. He mentioned Miss Nugent in very flattering terms; and Lewisham joined in her praises with enthusiastic rapture. Latimer smiled at his warmth, and said, "Ah! my friend, I see I need not have

warned you not to become my rival; for you are attracted by more lasting charms than those of beauty—let me see—I think I have heard my mother say, that she remembered your fair one, in 1779, a toast about Court—

"For, alas! long before I was born,
My fair one died of old age—
Ah, well-a-day! Oh, lack-a-day!
Well-a-day—Lack-a-day, oh!
For, alas! long before I was born,
My fair one had died of old age."

"I should then follow the fashion which has been set by a Royal Prince," said Lewisham; "but a truce with this railery—gratitude has made me sensible of the goodness of Miss Nugent's character." "Well" replied Latimer, "your gratitude must return the lady's affection." Lewisham smiled; and having promised to spend the following day with Lord Newark, took his leave—Captain Latimer remaining in Cavendish-square. As he returned home, the first object which presented itself to his view, was a chaise standing at the door of the house in which he had seen Clara; and he stationed himself in a shop adjoining, to have an opportunity of speaking to her:—the door soon after, opening, he hastily advanced and presented himself before—not Clara, but an elderly lady, of no very prepossessing appearance; Clara, however, followed; and determined not to lose a chance which might not again offer, he exclaimed, as he seized her hand, "How happy am I thus fortunately to encounter Miss Walsingham! When, amiable Clara! shall I be permitted the pleasure of paying my respects to you?—Will you not permit me to offer some excuse for my apparently disrespectful conduct?" Clara made no reply. "Will you not—charming Miss Walsingham, tell me when I may have the pleasure of waiting on you?" Clara withdrew her hand, as she ascended the step of the chaise:—"It is totally out of my power, Mr. Netterville, to receive any visitor—I cannot admit you;"—and being now seated, the carriage drove off, leaving Lewisham overwhelmed with disappointment and mortification at her cold and constrained behaviour. The following day, at five, he repaired to Cavendish-square—Lord Newark introduced him to his lady and son, with whom he was greatly pleased; and at night they separated with regret on all sides. Lord Newark gave our hero a general invitation, which he with renewed pleasure availed himself of every day. Lady Newark, appeared to feel a growing attachment for him; and Mr.

Mathuin spent every hour in his presence, which was not devoted to his studies.

About a fortnight after Lord Newark's arrival in town, he presented Lewisham with a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment ordered to prepare to reinforce the army in Holland; and, at the same time, he put into his hands a note for fifty pounds, which he desired him to make use of in his equipment. On Lewisham attempting to thank him, he replied, "To me, I assure you, no thanks are due—as I have had positive orders from your friend Miss Nugent, to supply you with every thing you may want in the line I should fix on for your pursuit; I only request you," continued his Lordship, smiling, "to be grateful for the lady's kindness;—and now," added he, "having a little business, I hope I have your pardon for leaving you; yet, if you have no better engagement, Lady Newark is in her dressing-room, and will be happy to see you."—"It is impossible I can have a more pleasing engagement," replied Lewisham, "and I will avail myself of your Lordship's permission."—As he advanced to the door of the dressing-room, he heard her ladyship in earnest conversation; a lady sat by her on a sofa; he hesitated a few moments, lest he might be deemed an intruder, and giving a gentle tap, he was desired to enter; he advanced a few steps towards the ladies, when suddenly stopping, and casting his eyes on Lady Newark's companion, he exclaimed, "How much am I indebted to chance for this fortunate rencontre; my dear Miss Walsingham, how happy I am to see you!"—"You have the pleasant art at complimenting," said Lady Newark, smiling;—"but, while you recognize Miss Walsingham, poor unfortunate I, am intirely neglected—Pray, my young friend," continued she, turning to Clara, "how long have you been acquainted with Mr. Netterville?" "My acquaintance with that lady," said Lewisham, "commenced through the charity of an angel!"—Clara sighed—"it has ended, I fear, through my own imprudence and folly; for you see, madam, that the lovely Miss Walsingham disclaims all knowledge of me:—She has refused me even the pleasure of her acquaintance."—"You know, madam," said Clara, as if wishing to turn the conversation, "that my present situation precludes the possibility, of my receiving any company"—"With a few exceptions, my dear," replied her ladyship—Clara blushed—"I should be extremely un-

grateful, madam, if I was not happy at all times to receive Lord Newark's friends." Lady Newark soon after leaving the apartment for a few moments, Lewisham eagerly seized the opportunity of making his exculpation.—"Indeed, Mr. Netterville," returned Clara, "this matter is too trivial to demand so many apologies; if you please, we will dismiss the subject."—"Then say," cried he, pressing her hand to his lips, "that I have your pardon; tell me that you are again my friend, and that I have not by my folly lost your esteem."—"I hope, Mr. Netterville," said Clara, "you are not conscious of deserving to lose it; believe me I am not so unjust as to remember trifling offences; besides, I have no concern in your conduct."—"Ah!" cried Lewisham, "would to God that you had!—would to God that I could once more behold the gentle, charitable, Clara, who poured the oil of compassion into the bosom of a stranger!"—Clara, smiled at his warmth, and extended her hand towards him, which he almost devoured with kisses:—"I fear," cried he, "to inquire into the cause of your change of raiment?"—"Alas!" answered she, "you have, I am sure, ere this, guessed, it too well—but we will change the subject; it is too much for us both! I reside, at present, with a grandfather, who is too ill to admit visitors; indeed, his health is in so precarious a state, that I scarcely ever leave him, but for an hour or two in the morning."—On Lady Newark's return, Clara took her leave, and Lewisham, after handing her into the carriage, was again returning to the house, when receiving a violent rap on his shoulder he turned round and beheld Captain Latimer.

TRIFLES.

SOME travellers in a Mail Coach, among whom were a lady and an Irishman, enjoying a nap towards the opening of morning, a sudden noise disturbed the repose of honest Thady, who on enquiring what was the matter, was answered, some russians were robbing the *Mail*: that they may do, replied Thady; but (throwing his arms round the lady) they shall never plunder the *fe-Mate*.

The Killenny Journal states, that a man of the name of Kenny on his return to that city, "fell off his horse, and broke his neck, but happily received no other damage."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XVII.

For us and for our tragedy,
We beg your candid hearing patiently.

SHAKSPEARE.

AGREEABLY to the promise in my third number, I shall now give a few more extracts from the tragedy of Alfonso. And in order that my readers may be better acquainted with the following scenes, I shall give a short account of the circumstances which led to them.

Orsino had from youth been the friend and companion of Alfonso. By the malice of his enemies who envied him his high station in his court, he was accused of conspiring against Alfonso, and holding a correspondence with the moors to wrest him from his throne. In proof of this, letters were produced, said to have been written by him, and which had the appearance of his hand writing. These, together with his making no defence (which pride and a consciousness of innocence prevented him from doing) were deemed sufficient to condemn him; and he was accordingly sentenced to death, which sentence was changed by the king to perpetual imprisonment, where, it was reported, he soon died. His wife Victoria, desperate at his loss, fled from the court with her son Cæsario, into solitude, where she died of a broken heart: Cæsario, after this, having had the good fortune to save the princess from the moors who had taken her, was admitted into high favour in the court of Alfonso. Victoria his mother had obtained from him an oath to revenge the wrongs of his father, which he now determined to do, destroying Alfonso by springing under the royal tower, and afterwards seizing on his throne. In the mean time Guzman, one of the principal enemies of Orsino being poisoned by Otilia his wife, on his death bed confesses that the letters which had procured his condemnation were forged, and that he was innocent. Alfonso's sensations at this confession may be better conceived than described. Amelrosa then informs him that the story of Orsino's death was unfounded, and that he was then concealed in a forest in the neighbourhood of Burgos. Alfonso on hearing this, immediately determines to see him, to bring him back to court, and by future honours atone for his unmerited sufferings. But to all his prayers and expostulations Orsi-

no turns a deaf ear and he refuses to return. When Alfonso informs him his innocence is clearly proved, he answers—

Orsi. Aye? Nay, I care not
Who thinks me innocent! I know myself so—
Was this your business, Sir? 'tis done! Farewell.
Alfon. Oh? part not from me thus! I fain would say—

Orsi. What?
Alfon. I have wronged thee!—
Alfon. [Sternly.] True!

Alfon. Deeply, most deeply!
But wounding thine, hurt my own heart no less,
Where none has filled thy place; 'tis thine, still thine—

when Alfonso endeavours to extenuate his conduct towards him, by alledging the strength of the proofs exhibited against him, he replies—

Orsi. And had I none to prove
My innocence? These deep-hewn scars received
While fighting in your cause, were these no proofs?
Your life twice saved by me! your very breath
My gift! your crown oft rescued by my valour!
Were these no proofs? My every word, thought,
action,

My spotless life, my rank, my pride, my honour,
And, more than all, the love I ever bore thee,
Were these no proofs?—Oh! they had been conviction

In a friend's eyes, though they were none in thine!

Alfon. Your pride? 'Twas that undid me!

Your reserve,

Your silence . . .

Orsi. What! Should I have stooped to chase
Your brawling lawyers through their flaws and quibbles!

To hear the sneers of saucy questioners—
Their jests, their lies—and, when they termed me villain,

Calmly to cry—"Good Sirs, I'm none!"—No no:
I heard myself called traitor—saw you calmly
Hear me so called, nor strike the speaker dead!
Then why defend myself? What hope was left me?
Truth lost its value, since you thought me false!
Speech had been vain, since your heart spoke not for me.

Alfon. And it did speak . . . spite of the law's decision,

My love preserved your life...

Orsi. Oh! bounteous favour!

Oh! vast munificence! which, giving life,
Robbed me of every gem which made life precious!
Where is my wife? Distracted at my loss,
Sunk to her cold grave with a broken heart,
Where is my son? Or dead through want, or wandering

A friendless outcast! Where that health, that vigour,
Those iron nerves, once mine?—King, ask your dungeon!

Alfon. Oh! spare me!

Orsi. Give me these again, wife, son,
Health, strength, and ten most precious years of manhood,

And I'll perhaps forgive thee: till then, never!

These reproaches of Orsino are highly animated and affecting. It is natural to suppose that his resentment should be strong and ardent on reflecting on the grievous evils which had been brought upon him, though innocent—but the more noble traits in his character remain yet to be developed. Alfonso continues

his exertions to reconcile him but in vain.

Alfon. Yet were thy soul than adamantine rock,
More hard, these deep-drawn sighs....

Orsi. My wife's last groan
Rings in my ear, and drowns them.

Alfon. And these tears

Might touch thy heart....

Orsi. My heart is dead, King! dead!

'Tis yonder buried in Victoria's grave!

Alfon. Could prayers, unfeigned remorse, ceaseless affection,
And influence as my own unbounded....

Orsi. Hold!

I'll try thee, and make two demands!—But first,
Swear by all hopes of happiness hereafter,
And Heaven's best gift on earth, thine angel-daugh-
ter,

Whate'er I ask shall be fulfilled.

Alfon. I swear!

And Heaven so treat my prayers, as I shall thine!

Orsi. 'Tis well: now mark, and keep thine oath.
My first

Request is—Leave me instantly! My second,
Ne'er let me see thee more! Thou hast heard!

Begone!

Alfon. 'Tis well proud man!—Alas my heart's too humbled

To chide e'en him who spurns it!—

*Inis.** Nay my liege,
Despair not—Sure the Princess....

Alfon. Right! I'll seek her

To her he owes his freedom, and her prayers
Shall win me back this dear obdurate heart.
Oh! did he know how sweet 'tis to forgive,
And raise the wounded soul, which, crushed and hum-
bled

Sinks in the dust, and owns that it has erred:
To quench all wrath and cancel all offences,
Sure he would need no motive but self love! [Exeunt.

From perusing this extract, the reader would be led to imagine, that resentment towards Alfonso, had driven from Orsino's breast every noble passion, and that hatred would prompt him to seize with eagerness the first opportunity that might be presented to revenge himself. But his noble soul disdains it. Honour, justice, humanity, have a dwelling in his breast. He has yet too much regard for Alfonso to do him harm, he sees Castile happy under his government, and is contented to suffer in secret.—Cæsario hearing that he lives, and also of his having refused the friendship of Alfonso, goes to the forest accompanied by Henriquez, to discover himself and unfold his plans, not doubting but Orsino would agree to them with joy and join the plot. But here the more noble traits of Orsino's character discover themselves, as will be seen in the following scene.

Scene the forest—Enter Cæsario and Henriquez.

Cæsa. He spurned him, Marquis, spurned him!
With such scorn,
Such genuine ardent hate, repaid his soothing...
Oh! by that hate I feel, the blood which fills
These veins is right Orsino's!

Hen. 'Tis reported,
The King shed tears.

* An attendant.

Cesa. Marquis, he wept, fawned, pleaded
Remorse, and sued for pardon with such fervour,
As starving souls for bread!

Unmoved the stern one stood, and frowned his an-
swer.

Oh! fear not, friend: like me he loathes Alfonso,
And, when I place revenge within his grasping,
Will spring to reach it.

Hen. 'Tis past doubt, his aid
Were to our cause a tower of strength; yet still
I fear, lest... Some one leaves the cave! — 'Tis he!
I'll wait beneath yon limes.

[Exit.]

Orsino enters from the cave.

Cesa. Now by my life

A noble ruin!

Orsi. I return to Burgos?
For what? To show my scars, and hear court-ladies
Rail at the wars for making men so hideous?
To bear the coxcomb's sneer, the minion's fawning,
And see fools sweetly smile at my good fortune,
Who, when my death was signed, smiled full as sweet-
ly?

No, no, I'll none on't, — [Seeing Cæsario.] — Plagues and
fiends! another?

More gold and silk! more musk, fair words, and ly-
ing!

Will these court-flies ne'er cease to buzz around me?
Well sir, what seek ye here?

Cesa. Revenge!

Orsi. Indeed?

On whom?

Cesa. On lawless Power! — Ask ye for what?
A Father's wrongs and Mother's murder!

Orsi. [Starting.] How?
That voice.... Let me look on thee well — Those lips;
Those eyes.... Oh! Heaven, those eyes too! I ne'er
saw

But one have eyes like thine, an earthly angel,
And with the angels now! — Fair youth, who art
thou?

Cesa. Speaks not thy heart....

Orsi. It does, youth, Oh! it does;
But I'll not trust it, for if false its whispers
So sweet, so painful sweet....! Dear good youth, tell
me,

Spare a poor broken heart, and tell me quickly
Thy father's name.

Cesa. My father? Oh! that was
A man indeed, and model for all others!
His country's sword! his country's shield! an hero!
A demi-god! — And great as were his actions,
So were his wrongs!

Orsi. His name! His name!

Cesa. [Rushing into his arms.] Orsino?

After this affecting discovery, Cæsario
discovers to his father the conspiracy
formed against the king, and calls upon
him to rejoice with him. But seeing that he
discovers every mark of horror and indignation
at the recital, he demands —

Now sir? Why gaze you thus?

Orsi. I fain would doubt it,
Pain find some plea.... No, no! each look, each fea-
ture,

And my own heart.... 'Tis true; thou art my son!

Cesa. What mean you?

Orsi. [Passionately.] Art my son, and yet a villain!

Cesa. [Starting.] Villain?

Orsi. Destroy Alfonso? — What! Alfonso

The wise, the good?

Cesa. With thee then was he either?

Has he not wronged thee?

Orsi. Deeply, boy, most deeply! —

But in his whole wide kingdom none but me!

Look through Castile! See all smile, bloom, and
flourish!

No peasant sleeps ere he has breathed a blessing
On his good King! — No thirst of power, false pride,
Or martial rage he knows; nor would he shed
One drop of subject-blood to buy the title
Of a new Mars! E'en broken-hearted widows
And childless mothers while they weep the slain,
Cursing the wars, confess his cause was just!
Such is Alfonso, such the man whose virtues
Now fill thy throne, Castile, to bliss thy children!
What shows the adverse scale? What find we there?
My sufferings! Mine alone! And what am I,
That I should weigh me 'gainst the public welfare?
What are my wrongs against a monarch's rights?
What is my curse against a nation's blessings?

Cæsario surprised at this unexpected re-
fusal of Orsino to assist his plots, in vain
attempts to persuade him to it; he in-
forms him that he is bound by oath
which he had made his mother to revenge
their wrongs, and that "to brake it sure
were shame" — Orsino replies —

Orsi. My son, 'twere virtue,
When to perform it were the worst of crimes.
'Twas wrong to swear; be with that wrong con-
tent;

A second fault cannot make right the first,

And acts of guilt absolve no act of folly.

Cesa. Guilt? Then we jar for words! I see but
glory,
Where thou see'st guilt! Yet call it what thou wilt:
I may be guilty, but I must be great.

Orsino endeavours by threats, entreaties,
and by showing him the base part he is
going to act, attempts to excite his fear
by advertizing to the probable consequences
of a discovery of his guilt — Cæsario inter-
rupts him —

Cesa. And who shall see that guilt
When wrapt in purple, and the world's eye dazzled
By the overpowering blaze a Crown emits? —
What pilgrim, gazing on some awful torrent,
Thinks through what roads it pass'd? Let golden
fortune
But smile propitious on my daring crimes,
And all my crimes are virtues! — Mark this, father!
The world ne'er holds those guilty, who succeed.

The truth of this last remark of Cæsario
is evident. It has always been too
much the custom among men to judge of
great undertakings by the issue of them.
Thus (as has often been remarked) had
Cataline been successful in his conspira-
cy, he would have been considered as
great a man as Cæsar — But I have already
spun this number to an unusual length,
and must, for the present, desist. I re-
gret the length of this last scene prevents
its being given intire. It affords a most
instructive lesson, and inculcates (in the
most elegant manner) the doctrine of
forgiveness of injuries, should the reader
admire these extracts half so much as I
have done, he will not regret the time
spent in their perusal as lost or ill employ-
ed.

P.

Communicated for the Repository.

EARLY YEARS

OF

NAPOLEAN BONAPARTE.

(continued)

A MODE of life so very singular
could not fail to be remarked. Incapable
to estimate his uncommon merit, or
rather to penetrate his true motives, his
superiors and his school-fellows taxed him
as foolish and ridiculous. Every means
was tried in vain, to restore him to himself,
by making him change his conduct. In-
sensible to affronts which he could not
resent, he repelled the railleries of the
masters by silence and disdain. Humilia-
tion, and even punishment which were
also employed, had no better success. I
believe I have forgotten to mention that
the meeting of the young men were es-
tablished on a military footing. Divided
into companies they composed a little
battalion, the Colonel, and all the officers
of which, chosen among ourselves, were
decorated by the ornaments which distin-
guish the French uniform. Bonaparte
had the rank of captain. One would
suppose that he must be sensible to the
loss of distinction only granted to merit,
and every day becoming more flattering
from the eagerness by which it was
sought out by the young men. A coun-
cil of war, established with all its forms,
declared him unworthy to command
those comrades whose good-will he dis-
pised. — After the sentence was read,
which degraded him to the last place of
the battalion, he was stripped of the dis-
tinguishing marks of his rank. Bonaparte
appeared insensible to the affront, or dis-
dained at least to shew that he was affect-
ed by it; his superiors, perhaps, repented
having obliged him to undergo this
disgrace; but his comrades from that
time, restored to him their friendship,
because generous minded youth ceases
to persecute those who are unfortunate.

This conduct had the most unhappy
effect. Bonaparte testified his sense of
the generosity of his young friends. He
continued his studies, but became more
sociable with his school-fellows; he joined
sometimes in our games, and acquired
by that a right to propose in his turn
some new diversions. It would have
been little amusement to him if he could
not have united utility with pleasure;
and in fact, the plays which he proposed
marked strongly his character. The
Olympic games of Greece, and those of

the Circus of Rome, were the models proposed for our imitation. Novelty pleases children, particularly those of France. Bonaparte became our leader, and the loss of his title of captain was soon replaced by that of director of our diversions, which was unanimously granted him. If men in their pleasures, almost always exceed the limits of moderation, we may easily suppose that virtue to be still more seldom the lot of young people. Our games became battles ; by turns Romans and Carthaginians, Greeks and Persians, we believed ourselves called upon to imitate the enthusiastic fury of these ancient warriors. Stones were weapons, and often were productive of wounds, so that our superiors found themselves obliged to repress our courage. The games were forbidden, and our general severely reprimanded.

Bonaparte withdrew himself into his favorite garden, resumed his former occupation, and appeared no more among us, till the snow covering the stones, furnished him with a pretext to open a new campaign. The hostilities became necessarily of another sort, and the modern art of war succeeded that of the ancient.

Being seriously occupied by the study of fortification, he wished to put his theory into practice ; and soon entrenchments, forts, bastions, and redoubts were erected of snow, in the great court of the school. We all laboured at these works with an activity and pleasure which can be easily imagined, the young Bonaparte directing our operations. The whole was executed with so much art and exactness, as to excite the curiosity of the people of the town, and even of strangers, who came in crowds during the winter, to admire our fortifications of snow. As soon as these works were finished, we had no peace till the order of attack and defence was settled. Bonaparte again took the care of directing our motions ; and, by turns, at the head of assailants and opponents, he learned betimes, from these useful games, to unite address with courage. Snow-balls were the weapons of both parties, and the wounds they gave not being mortal, our masters saw our diversions without alarm ; they even had the good sense to encourage them, by applauding those who distinguished themselves, whether, by their courage, or by some new stratagem. Bonaparte, already fertile in expedients, found means to keep up the interest by devising every day some new manœuvres ; but the sun of the month of March disturbed our

amusements, and put an end to them till the winter.

Such was the school, and such the first essay of the young hero, who since, at the head of a new raised army, without discipline, and almost without confidence, has known how to conquer the bravest troops of Europe, and disconcert the measures of the most experienced generals. Eager to gain the approbation of his young rivals, it was in these juvenile plays that he first learned the way to conquer, from them sprung that warlike enthusiasm, which afforded the first display of his great genius. Kindled into admiration of the heroes of antiquity, their great actions and virtues became his models, and the glory of surpassing them the object of his life.

ferent characters in society, on which they are to operate ?

Can the most extensive knowledge of chemistry be depended on, without a knowledge of the *animal economy* ?

Have we not remedies sufficient for any malady of the mind or body, provided they are properly applied ?

Since we have remedies at command, why not enquire more into the laws of the mind, heart and body,—by which we may be enabled to *apply* our measures correctly ?

Is not the warp of authority, a great impediment to the progression of truth ?

Is it not proper that the sentiments of influential men should be delivered without their signature ; by which the free enquiry of others would be excited, and more errors thereby detected ?

May not the most important truths be easily approached and yet remain in obscurity for ages ?

Is not the yellow or bilious fever a source of serious misery, and a great national calamity ;—and would not that individual merit the applause of his country, who placed a preventative and cure within the reach of every family ?

Is not this fever frequently as severe in the fenny parts of the southern states, as in Philadelphia ?

Since the causes that produced an impure atmosphere are so numerous and powerful, is it not probable that we shall never extirpate the remote cause of this fever ?

Can we not prevent this fever under the full violence of the remote cause ?

Are there not strong premonitory symptoms of the approach of this fever, by weakness of the stomach, pain in the head and back, with chilling sensations &c.—and are not these symptoms produced by the *bile* ?

Is it not impossible for this fever to exist, without a preternatural quantity of bile ?

Is it possible for a morbid secretion of bile, to take place without heat and relaxation ?

Is not the desolating plague of Egypt, a bilious fever ?—and is it not truly absurd to suppose that it can be prevented by the vaccine inoculation ?

Is it not absurd to believe that a bilious fever is contagious ?—or can any disorder be contagious, that is produced by an increased quantity of a natural fluid ?

If this fever cannot exist without a morbid increase of bile, can we not easily prevent it, (*even* under the relaxation

For the Philadelphia Repository.

SERIOUS QUESTIONS,

FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

CANNOT popularity be obtained without merit ?

Are not popular characters very dangerous, unless they possess both *talents* and *virtue* ?

Do we often see learning and strength of natural mind combined ?

Are all persons improved by experience, or is not the mind that is void of natural power, liable to many false impressions, and erroneous inductions from facts ?

Ought we to rely on the most extensive education and experience, unconnected with a strong natural mind ?

Have not many men exalted themselves by obscure and ridiculous theories ?

Are not mankind too much disposed to sacrifice national profit to private interest ?

Are correct theories always understood, and if understood are they always correctly applied ?

May not the best measures, improperly applied, as to time, force or combination, produce the most serious effects ;—or does not the result of all measures depend on their application ?

Can we foresee the effect of an agent, by knowing the property of that agent, without knowing the nature of the surface or body, on which it is to operate ?

May not the scientific legislator adopt the most injurious *laws*, unless he is acquainted with the surface, or the dis-

from a vitiated air, heat and daily fatigue) by throwing off the bile as fast as it is improperly diffused,—using acids,—small doses of bark, cooling regimen, &c?

Since the fever and irritability are produced by the bile, can we not stop the alarming system of bleeding, and render the lancet almost useless?

Can we expect to stop a fever by the lancet, and neglect the *bile*, or supporting cause of that fever?

Is it not very easily proved that the evacuants, hitherto given for the bile, have only tended to leave it in a worse state and to increase the irritation of the system?

Is it not more difficult to throw off a large quantity of bile, than is generally conceived?

If the stomach is disordered, is not the whole body proportionably injured?—and does not the stomach give the strongest evidence of distress from the beginning to the close of this fever?

Can Physicians say that the stomach has been properly attended to, when the bile has been uniformly suffered to remain, until absorption took place, with a serious inflammation and vomiting?

Have not Physicians imagined more than they reasoned, when they have been contented with one or two evacuations?

Will not many cases demand six or seven powerful evacuants, and may not one or two purgatives leave the bile in a worse state, by diffusing it?

Can we rely on purgatives alone, when there is a large collection of bile, and when no time is to be lost?

Are not emetics, with purgatives immediately afterwards, more speedy and safe?

Will not a large quantity of emollient drinks be serviceable, after evacuants?

Is it not proper to give *salts* and *castor-oil* immediately after a calomel purgative,—and are they not the best evacuants, when the bile is agitated by emetics or calomel?

If calomel increases the irritation and fever, is it not absurd to salivate?

Is it not difficult to produce salivation under a high fever, and does not salivation demand twice the loss of blood that would otherwise answer?

Admitting salivations to be proper, will a violent case grant time to obtain it completely?

Is not sweating of great importance, and ought it not to be produced by as moderate force of the vessels as possible?

May not blistering plasters be unnecessarily or improperly applied?

Ought we to expect success, from the most skilful practitioner, without the closest attention, with good nursing, &c.

If a Physician is truly skilful,—if he is acquainted with the laws of the human body, can he not meet *every disorder*, with an equal certainty of success?

Have Physicians done any thing in this fever, that merits the respect and thanks of society?

Would it not be better that each family should exercise their minds on this fever, and depend more on themselves?

J. P.

N. B.—Permit me to observe, that the sole impulse to the above questions, was a desire, of exciting the minds of all persons to a correct view of this alarming though simple disorder. Permit me also to add, that I shall feel a pleasure in replying to any communications on this subject.

DEGRADATION.

PRAY, Sir, how much wine can you drink at a sitting, and not endanger your health?

With segars and a good song occasionally, I think I can put three or four bottles under my jacket in an afternoon and evening, and retire with decency.

Then I presume Sir, you are seldom mortified by the necessity of declining a sitting party because you can't drink.

O never; I have an excellent strong head, wine affects me no more than a cup of green tea does a lady. Indeed, very much the same—it makes me a little gay and loquacious.

Strange perversion of reason! strange idea of glory, that a man should vaunt a real degradation of his nature! Is physical insensibility an honor? Is it a real cause of satisfaction that by force of pernicious habit the principle of life is so far extinguished that the highest stimulants produce no derangement of the system?

DIALOUGE,
Between a woman and a man milliner at
Paris.

CITIZEN, I am just come to town—pray have the goodness to inform me how I must dress to be in the fashion.

Madame, 'tis done in a moment; in two minutes I shall equip you in the first style.—Have the goodness to take off that bonnet.

Well.

Off that petticoat.

There it is.

Away with these pockets.

There they go.

Throw off that handkerchief.

'Tis done.

Away with that corset and sleeves.

Will that do?

Yes, madame you are now in the fashion. 'Tis an easy matter you see—to be dressed in the fashion, you have only to undress.

Philadelph., Aug. 11, 1804.

NEW PLANET.

Dr. Olbers, of Germany, has discovered a Planet, which, from its immense size, he has called *Hercules*. It is three times the size of *Jupiter*, and goes round the sun in the space of 211 years, because it is supposed to be 3,047,000,000 of miles from the sun; it looks to the naked eye like a star of the sixth magnitude, and is now in the sign *Gemini*. Dr. Olbers observed, on the 8th of December last, that it moved, and, on the 6th of February, that it was a planet, attended by seven satellites, one of which is twice the size of the earth.—It is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in an angle of 30 degrees. It is in 13 degrees north amplitude; its eccentricity is 1100, and the sun, to an inhabitant of the earth placed in it, with our powers of vision, would appear no larger than the smallest of the fixed stars.

MARRIED—On Saturday the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. John J. Parry, of this city, to Miss Margaret Palmer, late of Kelso, Scotland.

—On Friday, 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Henry Platt, to Miss Phoebe Young, both of this city.

—On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. George Brown, to Miss Sarah Webster, both of this city.



DIED—On Monday morning last, at Schuylkill, George A. Baker, son of Mr. John L. Baker, at 1 year, 3 months and 14 days.

Short lived are comforts earth can yield,

Some lurid woe our bliss annoys;

Nor human pow'r from this can shield,

Or give endurance to our joys.

Thou infant, as the morning, smiled,

Till clouds thy parents' bliss assail'd,

And death their happiness beguiled;

Thou'ret happy, but their hopes have failed.

To Correspondents.

"Philo Prudentia's" communication shall receive early attention.

"Sam. Tradewell" is informed, the editor pays no attention to communications received through the post-office.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

NATIONAL SONGS,

By Mr. John M'Kinney.

SONG I.

ON the day that was mark'd in the annals of fate,
The completion of WASHINGTON's glory to be,
A seraph arose in the assembly above,
And loudly proclaim'd the eternal decree.

Then calling together a celestial band,
Down to Mount Vernon he hast'ned with speed;
And gently pressing great WASHINGTON's hand,
Unfolded to him what the fates had decreed.

Columbia's defender complaisantly bow'd,
And meekly resign'd to the fiat of fate;
To the realms of glory triumphant he rode,
In death still displaying a soul that was great.

The patriots of Sparta, of Athens, and Rome,
As soon as Columbia's hero drew nigh,
All arose from their seats as a mark of respect,
And welcom'd him into the mansions on high.

The heroes of every country, climate, and age,
Who had fought, bled, and died in liberty's cause,
Press'd eagerly forward to look at the stranger,
The Empyrean Courts echo'd with shouts of applause,

Of laurels fresh cult'd from the Elysian bowers,
A crown was prepar'd for the conqueror's head;
His paths were bestrew'd with sweet smelling flowers,
And he in the garments of triumph was clad.

To a stately pavilion prepar'd for the brave,
The mansion of harmony, friendship, and love,
Was WASHINGTON led, and to him was assign'd
To preside in the Cincinnati above.

SONG II.

As late on Della's banks I stray'd,
And view'd the stream that gently flows;
Tho' Luna smiling there was seen,
The voice of lamentation rose.

Columbia's genius there appear'd,
With down-cast eyes and look so sad;
Her tears bedew'd the sable robe,
In which the mourning nymph was clad.
She cried my grief is never done,
But woes to woes so quick succeed;
To-day I loose a favourite son,
To-morrow sees another bleed

For WASHINGTON what tears have flow'd,
These four long years that's past and gone;
But ere time heal'd the painful wound,
I weep again for HAMILTON.

O, had he fallen on the field,
While fighting with a hostile band!
Ah, why did he escape his foes,
To perish by a brother's hand?

Is death so sluggish grown of late,
That he his task cannot fulfil?
That mankind run with furious heat,
And haste each other's blood to spill?

If ye who legislators are,
And manage the affairs of state,
Are first to violate the laws,
Ah, what will be my country's fate!

My sons are all in mourning clad,
My daughters all are bath'd in tears;
For him who's numbered with the dead,
But who, alas, nor sees, nor hears.

But tho' my hero lies in dust,
His memory's honour'd in the grave;
In life he number'd with the just,
In death he's number'd with the brave.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,
If admissible, please to insert the following paraphrase in the Repository. A SUBSCRIBER.

PARAPHRASE

Of part of the XIV. CHAPTER OF REVELATIONS.

THE heaven commanding voice I heard declare,
Do thou, Oh son of man, to write prepare;
Unfold the joy that heaven hath in store
For those who love the LORD, and God adore:
Write, bless'd are they for whom the SAVIOUR bled;
Happy! thrice happy are the favour'd dead
Who sought JEHOVAH in a dying hour,
Made heirs of heaven, by CHRIST's atoning pow'r;
Wash'd in his blood from every stain of sin,
Their filthy rags, for vestments white and clean
Exchanged, and his imputed righteousness
Applied by faith, secured their endless bliss;
No earthly cares corrode, nor fears oppress,
No pains alarm nor sorrows can distress;
Dead to the world, eternal life they gain
In heav'n where joys and genuine pleasures reign;
For them the SAVIOUR died, and freely saves
Repenting sinners from eternal graves;
He rose triumphant o'er the dreary tomb,
And for his saints prepared a heav'nly home;
There to receive the promised reward
Bought by the blood of their once dying LORD

And risen SAVIOUR; and with him to dwell,
Who died to conquer death, the grave and hell!
Yea, saith the SPIRIT; and from care and strife
They rest secure in everlasting life;
Tho' sin on earth disturb'd their passing days,
In heav'n at last they chaunt eternal praise;
To him who dwells on high, the LORD of all
Before whose presence angels prostrate fall,
Fall, and adore the God who rules above;
The triune MAJESTY, whose works are love.
There mercy smiles; and justice will display
In the last great, and faithful judging day,
The works of all; God's penetrating eye
The past and present sees, and will descry
Those who the beast have worship'd, and received
His mark and image and in him believed;
On them th' ALMIGHTY will unpitying pour
His wrath unmix'd, an unexhausted store:
Made to drink deep, nor will their anguish cease;
Nor can one intervening ray of peace
Find place among them, but their torments rise
And smoke for ever, never! never dies!
But bliss supreme awaits the happy dead
Who from their own to JESU's merits fled;
Ah! bless'd indeed are they to whom the LORD
Declares, "receive my promised reward;"
From worldly cares and troubles ever free
Now heav'n is theirs, where peace and liberty
For ever reign, and all their works of love
Follow their spirits to the realms above;
With saints and angels, endless bliss to share,
And joys eternal for a world of care.

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH Bet, 'Since I have thought at all,
I've form'd this stedfast rule;
Let whate'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a fool.'

Says Jack, 'Then nothing can, I fear,
From celibacy save you:
For take my word for it, my dear,
None but a fool will have you.'

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

TO Love should Beauty not submit,
In vain its pow'r it tries,
Love has a dart, if Beauty fights,
And wings, if Beauty flies.

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